

## **I Remember**

**Malcolm Smith**

I remember the fishmonger man, who sold fish from the back of his van  
He could fillet a fish with a flick of his wrist  
Oh he was a wonderful man  
And I think his name might have been Stan

I remember milk bottles at school: a third-pint each was the rule  
In winter the tops stood on candle-like stalks  
How I miss the milk bottles of school  
And sometimes the birds got some too

I remember the places I'd go, in sunshine or rain or in snow  
'Cross the links to the Brent or to Hanwell I went  
With our dog on my own I would go  
How I miss the places I'd go

I remember the longbows we'd make, with a string tied to an old stake  
And arrows of cane we'd fetch back again  
In the end they always would break  
How I miss the longbows we'd make

I remember days by the sea, all my siblings and cousins and me  
In the Cromer sun, on the sand we would run  
And jump up and down in the sea  
Then we'd all go back home for our tea

I remember our cat name of Ping, as a kitten would suddenly spring  
And leap onto my back in an all-claws attack  
How I miss our cat we called Ping  
A loveable terrible thing

I remember the garden of home; at the end it was all overgrown  
With a tree I could climb, I felt it was mine  
This world was all I had known  
How I miss the garden of home  
Before I started to roam